

Letters

by theColorThief

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Summary: From the middle of the war to back home, a soldier sends his love to a person he addresses as H.

Letters

March 27th, 1916

H-

They've moved us to Verdun, near the border of Germany. We couldn't have been here for longer than a month. We've been moving around since then, and that's why I haven't gotten the chance to write until now. I don't know when we're leaving, but I hope it's soon. I miss you. There's no way these trenches could ever feel like home.

While I can hope that it's soon, I know that the truth is that it's unlikely we'll make it out at all. It seems that before we made camp, our commanding officers forgot that our artillery was taken from us two months ago, leaving us behind with nothing but riffles. We are vulnerable, and although I won't admit it to anyone here, I'm scared.

Rats crawl through the mud and I don't mind, but the smell they leave behind is just awful. Nothing can compare to the lice causing constant itching on my scalp. This all feels like a bad dream that I don't know how to wake up from.

This morning I witnessed a messenger dog return from No Man's Land with barbed wire wrapped around its muzzle and piercing its eye. We gave it some of the awful water and let it rest in a dug out. So far, I hear it's doing well.

But not everything is as gloomy as I make it out to be. Just the other day, I was in the support line with the other member of my fireteam, Aster (I think you'd like him) and he told me about his

wife back home. He says that she lives in your area, and you might know her. I think he said her name was Astrid. You should ask around. He also mentioned, "You talk a lot, and I like that."

We've been told to eat as little as possible, and even though I'm growing weaker, I promise to try my best to return home to you.

Forever yours,

J

End  
file.